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J. E. McCaffrey.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
TUCSON, A. T.
January 24 1869-H

G. H. Oury,

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Office in Court-house Building
TUCSON, A. T.
sept:67

PIONEER BREWERY.

TUCSON, A. T.
BREWED BY ABE and PORTER
Consistently on hand.
A. L. LYN & J. GOLDTREE.
March 14, 1869-41 H.

Adam Sanders.

GOODWIN & SANDERS,
Dealers in General Merchandise
TUCSON, A. T.

EVERY day on hand and are constantly
receiving a large stock of goods selected
EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MARKET.

Consisting in part of
Dry Goods and Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots
and Shoes, Military Furnishing goods of all descriptions,
Staple and Fancy Goods, Belts, Pistols,
Blades, Percussion caps, &c., &c., which they
sell cheap for cash.
Thankful for past favors they respectfully solicit
continuance of public patronage.
Jan. 1, 1869-H.

HOOPER, WHITING, & CO.

San Francisco and Fort Yuma, California
Arizona City, Maricopa, Wells, Sacaton,
Sweet Water and Camp McDowell,
Arizona.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
General Merchandise.

Forwarding and Commission
Merchants.

We wish to call the attention of the public
generally, and Merchants, particularly, to our
facilities for Wholesaling and Jobbing at LOW
RATES.
We keep constantly on hand at

ARIZONA CITY

The largest and most General Stock of Goods
in the Territory, or in any one House south
of San Francisco.
COMPRISING EVERYTHING THE COUNTRY
REQUIRES.
All our goods are either imported directly of
sight of direct importers. We buy nothing
from second hands; thereby saving the
San Francisco Jobber's Profit which is
ALL WE ASK TO MAKE.
"Live and Let Live,"
is our motto. Our terms are
CASH, EXCLUSIVELY, and for cash,
we are always in readiness to supply dealers,
retailers, & others, with goods, in jobbing lot
unprecedentedly Low for cash
HOOPER, WHITING & CO.
Arizona City May 1, 1869. H.

Probable Recognition of Cuba.

The Herald's Washington correspondent
writes under date of Sept. 16th:

The reported quadruple alliance on the part
of England, France Austria and Spain to guar-
antee the latter in the possession of Cuba
against the wishes of the United States, forms
the most interesting subject of discussion here
just now. Very conflicting rumors are afloat,
some of them quite startling, and if only true,
certain to eventuate in a collision between our
own and some of the leading governments of
Europe. To add to the excitement our own
American Minister of Foreign Affairs is just
now afflicted with a very severe attack of official
reticence. He won't say one word about
the "ever faithful," and, of course, people con-
struct the extraordinary caution thus practised
into a confirmation of the alarming telegram
from Madrid yesterday. Then, again, Señores
Lemus and Ruiz, the Cuban Representatives,
are unusually secretive. They confess to a
solemn confab with Mr. Fish yesterday, and
though they refuse to disclose the precise
nature, still declare that only a few days will
elapse before the world hears some news that
will be eminently favorable to Cuba. Does this
mean that Mr. Fish has at last concluded that
it will be idle to palaver any longer with Spain
about mediation and purchase, and that he is
about to grant what Cuba has so long sighed
for—belligerent rights and recognition of
Cuban independence?

Judging from the caution displayed by Le-
mus & Co. one would suppose that this is the
"eminently favorable news" that is to astonish
the world in a few days. But your correspond-
ent has so often before heard of these sanguine
predictions that he is slow to believe that the
moment has at last come when our govern-
ment is about to take a stand in sympathy with
the national feeling and in conformity with our
national interests. It is certain, however, that
something is afooting, though precisely what it
is difficult to ascertain.

Remarks on Journalism.

[From the S. F. Examiner.]

If there were any Newspaper men at Dash-
way hall last Sunday night, they must have
heartily endorsed the sentiments expressed by
Mr. Doles J. Howe in his able and compre-
hensive lecture on Journalism. There was so
much truth in all he said about this mystic art
of printing, etc., one could not help from ad-
miring it. But what most particularly attracted
our attention was his allusion to those who
write for the newspapers—the class of volun-
tary correspondents. We have often been
annoyed and disgusted to read long, windy, ver-
bose articles, which, when subjected to anal-
ysis, were utterly destitute of substance. There
are very few persons, indeed, who are com-
petent to "get up" a good article for the paper.
There is a certain style to be adopted and fol-
lowed that is known only to editors and report-
ers. It is not only in editorials but also in local
items that this rule applies. An article should
be short, compact, terse, using no more words
than are actually necessary to express the facts.
There are some reporters who have an idea that
the merits of a local item consists in its length,
its humor and a plentiful supply of high-sound-
ing words, with now and then a little Latin or
French thrown in, as a sort of spice to the
cake. This is all nonsense. The great trouble
with some itemizers too, is this: They know not
just when and where to end an article, but
they go on and give their own comments upon
it—as if anybody cared a fig what the reporter's
opinion was. What people want to know is
the simple facts briefly, clearly and correctly
stated. If a murder occurs let the itemizer
hunt up all the particulars as near as he can
get them, put them into good shape, use few
words, state the case and there stop. If any
comments are to be made about the "horrible
murder" it is the editor's business to attend to
this not the reporter's.

"Busted Up."

The Imperialist has taken a stand among
the things which have been, and the Day-
Book comments upon its demise in a manner
which doubtless constitutes a good joke, but
which can be enjoyed, we think, only by those
who are sufficiently acquainted with the office
of the Imperialist and with Mercer street to
enable them to "see the point."

"The Imperialist has exploded, nothing
tangible is to be seen of its remains, not a rag;
and the only evidence that it ever had an ex-
istence is a very bad smell at the locality in
Mercer street, whence it lately emanated—a
very proper place, by the way, for such an en-
terprise, and the howls of some of the silly
dupes who had sent their money, for a year's
reading of the imperial twaddle, but had only
been served with a quarter of it. We are told
that of late, at the hour of midnight, when all
is still and the public guardians take their
slow and measured tramp thro' Mercer street,
one hand on their locusts and the other on
their revolvers, there may be seen on the steps
of the late office of the Imperialist a sort of a
vapory object, of clearly cut outline but ether-
ial and semi-transparent in bulk, with a head
ornamented with a large crown, on each side
of which rises a huge ass's ear, four feet high.
The form of this object seems to indicate a
cross between a Spanish donkey and the well
known British lion. There is a tail and a pair
of split hoofs, easy distinguishable, under a
misty drapery; and as the terror-stricken watch
men on the opposite side of the street glance
fearfully over to the locality where this object
stands, they fancy they hear if the night is still,
sepulchral tones constantly chanting the fol-
lowing couplet:

"Since I was so quickly done for,
Tell me what I was begun for."

"Professor Flummox, a member of the New
York Farmer's Club, and a firm believer in
Cock Lane ghost of Dr. Johnson's time, has
given his opinion that this object is the ghost
of the defunct Imperialist in an unpleasant
frame of mind, considering itself swindled by
little Borie, the late secretary of the Navy, who
brought it into being, and after "nussing it"
for ninety days, "went back on it," refusing
to furnish another stamp. No wonder the
disturbed ghost of the defunct Imperialist walks
Mercer street at midnight and will not sleep.
Borie was a heartless traitor to "give it up so."

A Two-Cent Dog.

Yesterday afternoon a two-cent dog sprang
from an alley, closely followed by a five-cent
brick, rounding the corner at right angles, he
came in contact with the feet of a Dutch woman,
who was carrying a jug of molasses in
one hand and a basket of eggs in the other.
The sudden collision of the dog with her
lower extremities threw her from her feet, and
she sat down upon the basket of eggs, at the
same time breaking the jug of molasses on the
pavement. A young gentleman, carpet-bag
in hand, anxious to catch the train was running
close behind, and stepping on the fragments
of the jug and its contents, sat down on the
chest of the Dutch woman who said "Mein Gott!
The young man said something about mail
dog, but in the excitement he said it back-
wards. In the mean time the dog had run
against the feet of a team of horses attached
to a load of potatoes, and they taking fright
started for home. The end board being out
they unloaded the potatoes along the street as
they went. Crossing the railroad track the
wagon caught in one of the rails and tore it
from its place. A freight train was coming
along a few moments later, was thrown from
the track smashing up a dozen cars and killing
thirty or forty hogs. The horses on reaching
home ran through the barn yard and overturned
a milk pail and contents which another
two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses
having broken his leg was killed this morning,
and the other is crippled for life. It is now a
mooted question whether the man who threw
the brick at the two-cent dog, or the man who
owns it, is responsible for the chapter of acci-
dents which followed. Some think he is.—
Richmond Journal.

A Balloon in a Maine Wilderness.

[From Marysville Appeal.]

Samuel A. King, the aeronaut, gives the fol-
lowing amusing account of an adventure in the
northern wilds of Maine: I had an un-
usually long air voyage from Bangor, with sev-
eral companions, and was passing over almost
an unbroken wilderness of forest and lake look-
ing in vain for a landing place. Night was
coming on, and the question where to land be-
came a serious one. No sound of civilization,
not a gun or an ax, nothing but primitive sounds
of nature. "Here is an opening," cried one
passenger; "why not land here?" No, boys;
have a little patience; we can do much better by
running down to the coast in the counter cur-
rent above us. Darkness had come on, but see
—"A light!" This was the exclamation of one
who a moment before thought he was doomed
to starve in the wilderness. Sure enough, there
was a light; but it was a great way off, and might
not be in our course, yet gradually we approach-
ed it. There is a dark, open space, below. Is it
land or water? I see a fence. Over with the
anchor, and in a moment more we find our-
selves swinging by the anchor rope over a newly
cleared field, among the stumps and logs. We
had landed in the only inhabited spot within a
space of 20 miles, near a sawmill on the O o-
mucto River. The people who run the mill
lived nearby, and it was from their win low that
we saw the light. Wishing for some assistance
to remove the balloon to smoother ground, if
possible, before letting the gas out, we remained
in the car, and taking up my speaking trumpet
I hallooed, but the unearthly sound was adding
terror to the already frightened inhabitants. One
man, however, a little braver than the rest, ven-
tured out after a while, and inquired "What is
it, any how?" By dint of explanation and per-
suation, we succeeded in getting him to come
to us. Giving him a line that was attached to
the car he was requested to walk a few feet
certain log to prevent the balloon from awaying
till we could get more help. Becoming im-
pressed with the idea that our lives were in
danger, and that our safety depended on him,
he froze to that rope in a wonderful manner.
It was a little short, and, though he tried hard
to make it fast every time the balloon would
settle, still he could not get it fastened. Then
the balloon would rise, and up he would go 20
feet or more, and down again to try the same
thing over, but he soon began to feel exhausted,
and, remembering his companions, broke out
with, "Say! you blasted, goldumere! coward-
ly sneaks, come out and help me; the darned
thing 'ill kill me!" This started them; soon
five others made their appearance and assisted
in moving the balloon to a better place. The
first they knew of the balloon was from one of
the women who was just returning from milking,
seeing the monster just above her and descend-
ing, she dropped her pail and fled to the house,
screaming in the most frantic manner. When
asked the matter, she could only reply, "Oh,
it's a forerunner!" I know it's a forerunner!"
In this backwoods place they had never heard
of a balloon, and many were the wonders and
surmises as to the meaning of our strange ap-
pearance among them. The oldest man of
them all, however, seemed to have hit upon the
right idea, and coming up to me, in a jocose
way says he: "Ah! yeer skedaddlers!" I shook
my head, and, pointing to the balloon, he asked,
"How many more is there up in th'er? It didn't
take so big a coach to bring so few of ye?" He
was induced to change his mind at last, when
"big coach" lay prone upon the ground.

On Friday last a band of Indians, estimated
at 200 came within a few hundred yards of the
Archer station on the U. P. R. R., nine miles
east of Cheyenne, but retreated when No. 7
freight train approached the station. When
the train left the Indians again returned and
captured a soldier stationed there, who hap-
pened to be a short distance away from the
station. He was carried away to what fate
every one who ever saw an Indian well knows.
—C. C. Register, Sept. 9.